

# The Lyceum Banner.

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For the Lyceum Banner

## "A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

BY L. M. DELANO.

**F**ARMER JOHN GREEN and his wife lived in a little, old, brown house about half a mile from Pleasantville. There they had lived thirty years, without going beyond the limits of their own county; the most important event in their monotonous life being their annual visit to the county fair with some of the choice products of their farm.

John had inherited the place from his father, but in a very neglected condition, and encumbered

by a heavy mortgage; so for many years he and his wife worked hard and saved every penny to pay the debts and improve the place to make it more productive. By the time that was done and they were at liberty to take some rest and comfort, their habits of saving and denying themselves all pleasure had become second nature. Their mental and spiritual faculties had been so long neglected that they felt no wants in that direction, and they lived on the sordid principle—'Get all you can and keep all you get.'

No children had ever been given them to brighten and bless their home and keep fresh the fountain of love in their hearts. Indeed,

become so selfish and hardened as to look upon the little folks as only a trouble, their intercourse with them being confined mostly to scolding the rude boys who pilfered their apples and melons, and they had never been known to give any such thing to a child, or any one else. They sold all that were marketable, and used the poor ones themselves.

It was Christmas morning, bright and cold; the earth was covered with newly fallen snow, and every bush and twig sparkled in the rising sun as if strewn with millions of diamonds.

Farmer Green had just lighted his fire, and, instead of noticing the splendor of the morning or thinking how he could make it "merry Christmas" for some poor child, he was reckoning the amount of wood it would take to keep them warm if the season continued as cold as it had begun, and fearing he should not have as much to sell as he had expected.

A timid knock roused him from his calculations, and opening the door, he met a little girl with sunny hair and bright, blue eyes, who looked up to him with such a sweet, confiding smile, as would have won the heart of almost anything human.

"Hallo!" growled he, "who have we here?"

"Please, sir, I'm Amy Deane, and I've come to be your Christmas present, and live with you, if you will let me."

"Well now, that's cool, I never had a present in my life, and I don't think I want one in the shape of a good-for-nothing young 'un."

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Green from the bed-room, where she was dressing; "who has had the impudence to send a child here? She would eat as much as a grown person, and ain't big enough to earn her salt."

"My mother sent me," replied Amy, "and I can do a great many things, if you will let me try."

"Who is your mother? Where does she live? I don't know any Deans in these parts," growled the farmer.

"My mother lives with the angels now," and Amy's sweet eyes were full of tears. "We used to live in Boston. Father died when I was a little baby, and then mother was poor and had to sew all the time to support us. Last winter she got a cough, and grew so pale and sick, she couldn't work much, and had to sell the furniture to pay the rent and buy food.

One night she told me father was coming to take her to a nice home, and she would not be sick

or hungry any more, and I musn't cry because I couldn't go with her, for I should go after a few years, and she should come to see me often and would try and find good people to take care of me. She said she had a brother living here, and after she was gone I must come and find him and he would give me a home.

Next morning she was all cold and still, and did not speak or kiss me, and they told me she was dead and gone to heaven, and I could not see her any more till I died too. I felt very bad and prayed to go with her, but after awhile I remembered what she had told me the night before.

After the funeral the neighbors put me in the stage, and told the driver to take good care of me, and help me find my uncle. When we got to the hotel last night, the landlord said my uncle moved way off West last summer, and had since died. Then I cried and didn't know what to do, for I had no money, only ten cents Mrs. Brown gave me when she put me in the stage. The landlord said I could stay there one night, but would have to go to the poor house to-day. He gave me a good supper and bed, but I felt so bad I couldn't sleep for a long time. Then mother came and smoothed my hair and kissed me, just as she used to, and told me not to cry any more, for she had found a good home for me, and told me the way out here, and said I must come early in the morning and tell you I was your Christmas present, sent by the angels."

"That's a pretty good story for such a young 'un to tell," sneered farmer Green, "and may be all true for what I know; but the part about dead folks coming back and telling you what to do, that's all humbug, but I guess it won't save you from the poor-house, anyway."

"Sounds kind o' nice to hear her talk," said Mrs. Green, the dormant mother love beginning to quicken in her heart.

"Yes, yes," answered the husband, "but nice talk won't feed and clothe her, and we can't afford to keep a child that ain't big enough to work."

"Indeed, sir, I *can* work a good deal. Mother used to call me her little housekeeper, and when she was sick I did most everything for her, and if you should be sick, I could wait on you real nice."

These words, and the pleading look in the sweet face, softened the farmer's heart a little, and he replied:

"Well, well, we ain't much in the habit of being sick, only my wife has the rheumatism pretty bad sometime, but you can stay to day and we will see what to do with you."

So Amy took off her hood and sack, and hung them up, for her mother had taught her to be very neat and orderly; then began making herself useful by sweeping up the chips and ashes scattered about the stove. She then asked if she might set the table and if Mrs. Green would please show her where the table cloth and dishes were.

After breakfast she cleared the table, folded the cloth exactly even, and having washed the dishes put them just where she found them. Mrs. Green was much surprised to see her so "handy," and found herself with an extra hour to sit down before time to get dinner, and as she went to work braiding a mat, May took her little thimble from her pocket, and begged to sew rags for her.

At night she found the little feet had taken so many steps for her, that her rheumatic limbs were more comfortable than in a long time before, and she persuaded her husband to keep Amy, at least through the cold weather.

Before Spring Mr. Green was taken sick with a fever, and then he began to realize, in his own person, the value of his Christmas present. The little feet seemed never to tire in waiting on him, and the soft, little hands were always doing something to make him comfortable, smoothing the pillows, brushing his hair or bathing his head, until she became as necessary to him as the sunshine and air. When he recovered she would lead him into any place her sweet fancy dictated. She got flower seeds and roots from the neighbors and coaxed him to spade the ground for her to plant them. She put vines beside the doors and windows, and soon the people were surprised to see the old brown house transformed into a "bower of beauty," where never a flower had bloomed before. And quite as great a change was wrought in the inmates. The hard crust of their selfish nature was broken up by this sweet evangel, and the fountains of love and kindness flowed out to all who came within their reach.

But in all these little labors she did not forget her books. When her play-spell was given her she would go to Freddie Thorne, who kindly volunteered to become her teacher, and take her daily lessons. She learned to draw and paint rude pictures of familiar things that farmer Green never wearied of exhibiting; no artist could beat little Amy in his eyes.

And now, when little Amy told of the visits of her sainted mother to her bedside and of her holy teachings, they did not ridicule her as at first, but regarded her as a pure messenger, sent to show them the way to a better life on earth, and to lead them to an eternal home in the beautiful Summer land.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

### LETTER FROM MRS. H. N. GREENE.

Author of "Harry's Wish," "Little Angel," "Ralph and Tommy," etc.

MY DEAR MRS. KIMBALL:—I sincerely thank you for the good notices you have given my little books, and hope I shall be able to render you an equivalent in some way. I wish I had time to write for your charming paper, THE LYCEUM BANNER. But I will just say to your little ones that although I write stories sometimes, yet I do a great many things beside. To-day I have been out working in my flower garden, and coaxing the tiny plants to grow faster. Let me see: I have in blossom, violets, pansies, daffodils (the crocuses and snowdrops have just gone to sleep), myrtles as blue as the sky, moss pinks, polyanthus and a good many tiny buds that will soon laugh in the sunshine. But the green grass is charming. If I was a little girl I would lay down upon it and shout for joy. How good our Father is to clothe the earth in such rich and varied beauty! I wonder if all of the children who read the BANNER have seen and gathered the sweet trailing arbutus this Spring. Perhaps it does not grow everywhere as it does in the shady nooks of New England. It is as fragrant and modest as the violets, though of different form and color. A friend gave me a bouquet made of it yesterday, which fills my room with delicious sweetness.

So this is May day. What a delightful time the children will have crowning their queens with flowers. The violets and anemones, the maple blossoms and a great many other flowers I have not time to mention, will wreath many a fair brow to-day. How I wish I was a little girl again. How nice it would be to go into the woods, and hear the singing birds, see the laughing brooks and gather soft green mosses to build miniature houses, and, above all, be the May Queen, and wear a crown of sweet, wild flowers upon my brow. But I can't be a little girl again, yet I can have a young heart, and go into the woods sometimes, and come home with my hands full of flowers, and laugh with the children, and make play-houses for Julia and Bell, write stories for little boys and girls, kiss all the good children I meet, and try to make the naughty children good enough to kiss.

But I guess I have written enough for this time, so say "Good bye" to the little ones.

— "Guns are dangerous things," said Mrs. Partridge, "even without lock, stock or barrel; you might put your eye out with the ramrod."



### OUR DARLING.

Did you ever see our darling?

Little Trot,

With her eyes so sparkling bright,

And her skin so lily white,

Lips and cheeks of rosy light—

Tell you what!

She is just the sweetest baby

In the lot.

Ah! she is our only darling!

And to me

All her little ways are witty;

When she sings her little ditty,

Every word is just as pretty

As can be:

Not another in the city

Sweet as she.

You don't think so? You ne'er saw her—

W'sh you could

See her with her playthings clattering,

Hear her little tongue a chattering,

Little dancing feet come pattering;

Think you would

Love her just as well as I do,

If you should.

Every grandma's only darling,

I suppose,

Is as sweet and bright a blossom,

Is a treasure to her bosom,

As cheering and enduring

As my rose;

Heavenly Father, spare them to us

Till life's close.

### LETTER FROM F. M. LEBELLE.

DEAR LYCEUM BANNER:—Your clean, sweet face of April 1st is smiling at me from my table. I would compliment you on your constantly improved appearance, but it isn't wise to excite the vanity of children. When you grow to maturity I will tell you all the fine things I have heard said of you in your babyhood.

Many, many thanks for the beautifully bound volume. How new and fresh it seems, though every number had been read before! I am sure I laughed, cried and puzzled over the interesting stories, ditties and riddles as I did the first time I read them. Prize books and dramas are well enough, but if I could constitute myself a convention of wise heads I would vote to expend money in putting our little, pet paper on a sure footing and furnish it to all the Lyceums, in place of a new book or two for the library. A child's paper, so free from sectarian taint, its selections so carefully chosen, its stories and communications so guardedly pruned of everything that

might bias the young mind, ought to be sustained by the liberals as well as the conservative church people, who would have their children's minds fed on healthy, nourishing food.

Some tired printer, weary of deciphering hieroglyphics, dated my letter from San Diego, No. 1, instead of Mar. 1. An easy mistake for the typo, but not so easy to write letters from a town which is more than four hundred and fifty miles away.

One item of sad interest from that locality since my visit there is the death of one of your sweetest child readers, Lily DeWolf. That dreaded disease, small pox, entered the house, selected as its victim this singularly promising child, and now the parents and sis'er have one more angel to guard with love their earthly lives. "The rose has climbed the garden wall, and blossomed on the otherside."

Last steamer from that southern port brought me the most beautiful stalk of wild flowers I ever beheld. Those who have seen the pond lilies of New England, can form a very correct idea of the bayonet cactus. The stalk is from two and a half to three feet in length, heavily hung with blossoms, which resemble the pond lily so closely that you could hardly distinguish them. Four hundred of these flowers adorned a single stalk, and presented a magnificent appearance. They resemble wax flowers and have as little fragrance during the day as the artificial ones, but at night are



oppressively sweet. Oakland is the Pacific terminus of the railroad which, in a few days, will almost encircle the continent. Then, dear BANNER, you may expect to find occasionally, in winter, a box of our delicious fruit and a bouquet of winter roses in your cosy sanctum.

Wouldn't a ten pound bunch of grapes and a huge bouquet in December make the world look brighter for a day, at least? Be patient, little BANNER, next December you shall see.

OAKLAND, Cal., April 30th.

### NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

#### Du Quoin, Ill.

On the 14th of March we organized our Lyceum (the first in Southern Illinois).

The churches finding their strongest argument, falsehood, about to fail, they tried to organize new schools to meet at the same hour we had set to meet. The first Sunday we had twenty children present; the next, sixty-three; and the third, we are doing pretty well for a small town away seventy-six names on our books. So you see down in Egypt. Your humble servant, who had been superintendent of an Orthodox Sunday school for several years was chosen Conductor. Some of the children I had charge of in days of yore have sought admission into the Lyceum, and as I am trying to labor for the good of all I could not find it in my heart to refuse them. Sister Pier, kind, true and efficient, is our Guardian, and we have a faithful band of leaders—men and women, who take by the hand the children of all, the high, the low, the rich and the poor, and point them to our beautiful home beyond the rolling river.

Our organization is only temporary, but we expect Bro. Dunn to be with us during the first two or three weeks of next month. He will put us in proper shape. Then we will be able to move joyfully along, each day bringing us nearer our much loved summer land,

"Where troops of children dance and play,  
And weave bright flowers in garlands gay,  
And gain fresh beauty day by day,  
Summer land, sweet summer land."

CONDUCTOR.

#### Cambridgeport, Mass.

Our Lyceum is second to no other in the State. We have 199 members; average attendance 125. We organized March 8, 1868, and meet in Williams' Hall every Sunday at 10:30 A. M.

M. BARRE.

#### Beloit, Wis.

DEAR LYCEUM BANNER.—As most Lyceums are sending accounts of the good times they are having, I thought it would not be out of place to send a short sketch of what the Lyceum at Beloit is doing.

Friday evening the Lyceum children gave an entertainment that did great credit to themselves as well as to their leaders.

The entertainment was under the management of our Assistant Conductor, and was nicely managed. The opening address was given by Waldo Stone, and was splendid. The tableau, the Lord's prayer, by seven little girls, pleased every one. The little ones spoke, and there was a great deal of good advice in their pieces. We had good music between the pieces. "The Maniac" was acted very well indeed. The target recitation and gymnastics was nicely done. "What Baby Thinks," was nicely spoken. The charade in four acts was good, and we closed with the beautiful song "Gather Them In."

It was a very dismal night, just like March, but nevertheless we had a pretty full house, and every one got the worth of his twenty-five cents. S. E. D.

#### Havana, Ill.

We learn from Willie F. Jamieson, of the *Rostrum*, who is at present lecturing for the society in Havana, that the Lyceum in that place has an average attendance of seventy-five members. Great credit is due the officers and leaders for their untiring efforts in behalf of the children committed to their care.

### FRIENDLY VOICES.

Mrs. M. P. Cunningham, of Clyde, Ohio, writes: "The LYCEUM BANNERS are what we need to give us new interest. Things seemed better even yesterday, from their influence. They were eagerly received."

#### From Mrs. Ellen Walker.

I have taken some pains to have my friends see the LYCEUM BANNER and compare it with orthodox papers for children, and most of them acknowledge its superior adaptation to the wants of children, but it is hard for them to slip out of the old traces. A brother in Wisconsin, to whose children I send it, says: They look for its visits like those of a dear friend. It is so much better than the *Sunday School Advocate*. I shall see that the subscription does not run out.

# THE LYCEUM BANNER

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## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

DEAR READERS.—Those of you who may care to watch me as I go toward sunset will, by turning to the map, find the town of Sterling, on Rock River, 110 miles west of Chicago. To-day I am here, to-morrow I go to Nevada, Iowa.

Sterling is a thriving little city of the prairie. The fine farm-houses, the great barns, the abundant fruit trees, and the well cultivated farms, all denote spirit and thrift.

The Sterling churches have a sort of forsaken look. I wonder why the Sunday church-goers do not build more attractive houses. When I build a meeting house it will be comfortable without, beautiful within. I will have a double row of shade trees for the comfort of the horses that so patiently wait through song and sermon. Around my church walls I will have the climbing vines and blooming flowers, wherein I intend to hang pleasant pictures, and have good, easy seats for the old and lame. These things will be silent sermons; they will whisper to the soul of the beautiful and the good.

But of Sterling I was writing. No matter about the meeting houses, the people have redeemed themselves by building the finest, best free school house in the West. Its masonry, towers, trees and grounds speak well for the intelligence of the Sterlingites.

My coming here brought "Uncle Jacob" to the cars to take me out to Linnwood, his fine country residence. Before we reached our carriage a velocipede came along. The colts did not much like the looks of the new-fangled thing, so they wheeled about, overturning the carriage; disengaging themselves from all encumbrances, they were soon out of sight and sound. We soon found a conveyance to Linnwood. Leaving the people to collect the fragments and look after the runaways,

we went our way, thanking the velocipede rider for not waiting till we were ready for starting, else we, too, might have been unceremoniously scattered.

I wish I could take you, this bright May morning, over Uncle Jacob's farm. You would rejoice and be glad, for nature is out in her robes of beauty. The patches of woodland are vocal with the songs of birds; the frogs give evening concerts, and we, of human speech, join in thanksgiving. The meadows look clean and charming in their new Spring garments of green and gold. The fruit trees are in full bloom; the lilac and sweet-briar are putting out their leaves and adding their quota of sweet odors. So, you see, I am having a sweet time.

The out-of-doors at Uncle Jacob's is peopled with all manner of four-footed beasts, having strange and familiar names. While looking into the large pasture last evening I heard them call Gen. Grant, Colfax, Nellie Grant, Gertie Grant, Martha Washington, and Frances Brown. The cows and horses heard and heeded the call, and came marching toward the barn.

I've a mind to tell you that a young goose rejoices in the sweet name of Pearl Jewell, and its nest mate in that of Pearl Hapgood. The children at Linnwood are readers of the LYCEUM BANNER. From it they have picked up names for cats, chickens, horses and calves. Mary, a fine specimen of Africa, is as deeply interested in the names of her pets as a mother can be in naming her children. She could not be coaxed into calling any creature Andy Johnson, because the dear things have done nothing to deserve such a name.

Last Sunday we dedicated Linnwood Hall, the third story of Uncle Jacob's new house. It is a fine private hall, 34x38. It has twelve windows, looking four ways. The walls are to be hung with pictures, maps, etc. In the morning between fifty and sixty persons came to talk and to listen. The good hostess had dinner prepared for all; and it was no cheap collation I assure you.

Toward evening, the members of the family and a few guests returned to the hall to organize a family Lyceum. We had speaking, gymnastics, and discussions upon various subjects. Not one of the children had ever been in a Lyceum, but they, as speakers, are not one whit behind most of the speakers in our best Lyceums.

We often hear parents regret that their children are deprived of the advantages of Lyceums. Why may they not, like Uncle Jacob's family, have a Lyceum of their own? H. F. M. B.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**TALE OF A PHYSICIAN**; or, the Seeds and Fruits of Crime. By Andrew Jackson Davis.

This volume, from the press of Messrs. Wm. White & Co., Boston, has been laid upon our table.

It is the last contribution to the rational, philosophic literature of the day, and is from the pen of one of the most remarkable of living writers. Mr. Davis had seemingly explored the entire field of rational inquiry in his previous writings, but in this book he has opened an avenue for the thoughtful in a new direction. Adopting the form of a tale, and investing his story with all the interest and romance of a novel, he has woven within its pages the outlines of one of the most remarkable truths of nature. "The seeds and fruits of crime" are, he claims, the natural results of planting the seeds by unrighteous hands in an unrighteous soil; that evil lives, and evil deeds, and evil men, are the products of ante-natal influences, and of organizations themselves the results of causes operating before and beyond the primary existence of the individual.

But as this is not a book for children, we do not feel like entering at length into its merits. We can only say to our little ones, ask your parents to procure it, for while it is both interesting and instructive, it will give them a new idea of their duties and obligations in life, their relations to you, and their responsibilities concerning your character and your lives.

**SEERS OF THE AGES**; embracing Spiritualism, Past and Present. Doctrines Stated and Moral Tendencies Defined. By J. M. PEEBLES. Boston: William White & Co., 153 Washington street.

A most excellent and worthy companion of that very popular work, *Planchette*; or, the Despair of Science.

If Mr. Sargent has shown us the relation which Spiritualism occupies to science and philosophy, Mr. Peebles has, with equal ability, shown us not only the exceeding *naturalness* of the new religion of Spiritualism, but he has given us a golden chain which links the present with the remotest days of the past; a chain, all the more precious because some of its links are set with precious stones which sparkle and glitter with resplendent beauty.

It would be a pleasant task to transfer some of the links in this chain to the *LYCEUM BANNER*, but our space will not allow of it. Besides, there is so much that we would like to give our readers,

so much that needs to be read just where and as it is to be fully appreciated, that we are doing our readers a greater service in advising them to buy the book, which is gotten up in most admirable style, and reflects much credit upon the publishers.

## NEW BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

"Seers of the Ages," by J. M. Peebles. Price, \$1.75. Postage, 28c.

"Tale of a Physician," by A. J. Davis. Price, \$1.00. Postage, 16c.

"Planchette; or, The Despair of Science," Cloth, \$1.25. Paper, \$1.00.

"Lyceum Song Bird." Price, 25c.

"Tableaux," a convenient book of reference, describing positions, characters and costumes, Price, 25c. Postage, 2c.

## PREMIUMS.

Subscribers to the *LYCEUM BANNER* will receive one copy of the *Lyceum Song Bird* for every five subscribers, the usual discount of ten per cent. being allowed. What Lyceum will get the largest number of books?

**LYCEUM SONG BIRD.**—This new music book for the children is now ready. Lyceums wishing copies should send in their orders at once. Single copy, 25c; twelve, copies, \$2.50; 100 copies, \$20.00. Address this office.

—All mail matter intended for the *LYCEUM BANNER*, its publisher and editor, may hereafter be sent to 187½ Madison street, room 84, Pope's Block, and not to the drawer as formerly.

—We are indebted to Mrs. A. H. Colby, Harriet Fitch, P. G. H. Perry, and Mary Sloan for new subscribers.

—The National Lyceum Convention will be held at Buffalo September 2, 1869.

—Persons sending subscribers for premiums will please state what premium is wanted.

—Richmond Lyceum has had a children's masquerade party. It was a novel affair. An account of it was sent us for publication, but it got mislaid.

**POSER.**—As a schoolmaster was employed the other day in Scotland in his "diligent task" of teaching a sharp urchin to cipher on the slate, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instructor: "Where diz a' the figures gang when they're rubbit out?"

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

**FORTUNE WITHOUT GENIUS.**

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

## CHAPTER III.

**B**Y the holy Moses, there's a ghost or a stow-away in the second bunk over there. If it's a ghost I don't wonder it ain't hungry, but how on earth a mortal man can live thirty hours without food or drink I can't see. Come on, all hands, and the Virgin Mary save us if the thing proves to be a spirit that ought to be in purgatory."

The loquacious sailor, by his hurried gestures and excited manner, drew around him several of the crew, who were awake to any new excitement.

"Ghosts don't wear boots, I'll be bound," said the second mate, tugging at a pair of well worn ones made of cowhide.

"Pull him out and give him a thrashing," suggested the discoverer, standing at a respectful distance, not quite sure that ghosts didn't sometimes wear cowhide boots.

John was soon uncovered and brought to light.

"A ragged youngster, who is stealing his fare. Here, sir, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"I wanted to go to California, sir, and hadn't no money; but I didn't know it was stealing, sir."

"Who do you belong to, and what in reason can you be going to California for?"

"I don't belong to nobody, sir. I am all alone. I am going to California to get some gold to take care of my family with."

"Your family!" echoed the crowd, in chorus. "You look rather young," said one, "to have such an immense responsibility. Here I am hard on to forty, and nary a wife or chick to call my own."

"I have got Tom and Jane and Maggie. Mother's dead, and I suppose father is too, for he went to sea in the Starlight, and it hain't been heard from for a long time, and everybody thinks it's gone down."

"What was your father's name?" asked the ship's carpenter.

"William McCoy, sir, and he was second mate of the Starlight."

The carpenter turned pale, and turning to his companions with a grave face, said, "That boy is telling the truth. My brother was aboard the Starlight, and I remember among the list of officers was the name of William McCoy. Treat the boy well, for heaven's sake, or the spirit of his lost ather may haunt us."

This proof of John's honesty turned the tide in his favor, and he soon found himself in the officers' mess-room, provided with a cold lunch of bread, meat, and ginger cakes, and the injunction to eat all he wanted, but not to hurt himself.

John's story was immediately reported to the first mate and captain, with embellishments not derogatory to his character, and he was set to work with the crew. His duties, though not extremely severe, were incessant. Sweeping, washing decks, scouring the brass covered thresholds and stairs, occupied his time from four or five o'clock in the morning until late in the evening. Though sometimes very weary, he never complained, but was very grateful for the opportunity to work his passage in that manner.

A large number of passengers were on board, nearly all intent on one object—the accumulation of gold. Homes, in those early times of emigration to the Pacific coast, were a secondary consideration. Many well dressed ladies and gentlemen made themselves comfortable in the saloons during the day, and at twilight commenced a vigorous promenade on deck, which continued until ten or later. John, at the approach of these stylish people, gave them a wide passage, that his dirty clothes and huge mop might not interfere with their promenade. Among a ship's passengers are always a select few, who, from real or imaginary worth, take the lead in fashion, style, and consequently, attention. The most prominent and select in the Ariel's large family were Colonel Daly, wife and child. Without seeking attention, they received it. Destitute of airs which superficial persons assume, they were still classed as first among the aristocracy on board. The choice seats at the captain's table were theirs. Little Eustace was not left to take his meals with children and servants, but assigned a seat by his mother's side. Servants were all attention, with an eye to the colonel's well filled purse. Possessing wealth without limit, youth, beauty, and intelligence, happy in each other's love and in bestowing gifts of charity, colonel and Mrs. Daly had yet one great misfortune, which cast a perpetual shadow over their lives. Too proud to make it a subject of conversation, and too benevolent to intrude their sorrows upon others, they endured with patience their great affliction. Eustace was one of those unfortunate children whom nature, in bestowing her mental gifts, seems to have quite forgotten. Not quite an idiot, but so destitute of intellect that instead of being nearly ten years old, he was hardly equal to many children of three or four years.

His parents had spent large sums of money on his education to no effect. Skillful teachers had exhausted their arts, and failed to develop in any measure the infantile mind. As a last resort they had taken him to Germany to place him in a school for such unfortunates. But Eustace, weak in intellect as he was, had an instinctive perception of what he needed, and strongly rebelled at being left among strangers who did not love him. Their journey was in vain. When the parting hour came he clung to his mother, and stoutly refused to leave her. Her fortitude utterly forsook her, and, bursting into a passionate fit of weeping, she declared, come what would, she would never be separated from her darling boy.

Eustace, though so uninteresting, was the pet of crew, passengers, and servants. Admiration for the mother, and pity for the child, made Mrs. Daly's long voyage comparatively easy. But Eustace, true to his instinct, repelled the fondlings of all on board, except the occasional attentions he received from John. As his father walked with him on deck, he would break away from his restraining hand, run to John, throw his arms around his neck, jabber and hug him, pat his shoulders and cheeks, and kiss his hands until taken away. John was pleased with these demonstrations, for his heart had longed for childish love ever since he left his little Maggie in New York.

"Dear little boy, Johnny loves him, but Johnny must work, so go to papa," John would say, but it was with great reluctance that he was induced to go away.

They were fast approaching the Isthmus of Panama, and John's not over fertile brain was constantly exercised to devise some means of crossing and of stowing himself away in the vessel on the other side. He ventured to make some inquiries of a sailor concerning the natives on the isthmus, that he could judge of his fate if left among them. "They are orful critters," said Mike; "they pounce upon such fat boys as you are, and in an hour hat and boots is all that is left of them. You'll wish yourself back in New York, I can tell ye, after you set eyes on them yaller fellers, especially if they are hungry." John had no confidence in his informer, but his description of the people left grave doubts in his mind of his fate. He was quite miserable, Eustace's frequent visits being the only bright ray that lightened his gloomy hours.

Colonel Daly had related to his wife the strange fascination one of the sailor boys had for Eustace to which she listened with intelligent interest. A

happy thought took possession of her mind. Couldn't the captain be persuaded to dispense with the boy's services, and might not the boy be induced to go with them. "I am sure," said she, "that his influence over Eustace would be good, and if so, it will relieve us of the great anxiety we have had in trusting him with strange servants. I will see the captain myself," and an interview was accordingly had.

"The boy does not belong to the ship's crew at all, madam," said the polite captain, "but is a stowaway, whom we found when too far out to sea to put him ashore. Any arrangement you can make with him can be done independent of me, as we shall be at Aspinwall to-morrow noon, and he will be entirely out from under my control. He is an ignorant lad, but I believe him to be honest, and a more accommodating, willing boy I have never seen."

"If I cannot persuade him, will you lend your influence to induce him to go with us?"

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure, madam. I have myself often observed the strange influence he exerts over your little boy, and wondered at it. But on mature reflection it seems perfectly natural that those nearer his intellectual plane should exert greater influence over him than educated and accomplished teachers; provided always that the attraction is mutual, as it seems to be in this instance."

After thanking the captain for his kindness, she hastened to find Eustace's new friend. John was scrubbing the stairs which lead into the dining saloon, and Eustace ran in advance of her, and by his incessant pattings and caresses told unmistakably that it was he.

"What is your name, please?" inquired she, as John paused for a moment to return Eustace's caresses.

"John McCoy, marm," he replied, looking shyly at his distinguished visitor.

"Do you like this kind of work better than any other?"

"O, yes, I like it pretty well when I can't get nothing better, marm."

"Do you love my little boy here? He seems to think a great deal of you."

Eustace peeped out from behind John's ragged coat, thrust both hands into a dilapidated pocket, patted his shoulders, and performed many other antics that a playful kitten or monkey might do.

"Yes, marm, I like Eustace heaps. He makes me think of my little Maggie at home."

Tears came to John's eyes as he thought of his distant home, and the trials of going to a distant



country began to thicken around him. He returned to his scrubbing with renewed energy, to atone for lost time.

"Don't work now, John," said Mrs. Daly, in a very sweet voice. "I want to talk with you, and I assure you no one shall scold you for loss of time."

John gazed at the beautiful lady with unfeigned admiration. She was handsomely dressed in a cool white muslin, short sunny curls clustering around her fair face, her only ornaments a pearl brooch and ear drops. "She's a heap prettier than the fairy I read to Tom and Jane about, and if there be any such things I guess she's one," thought he, as he laid down his scrubbing brush and wiped his hands on his jacket.

"Would you like to go and live with Eustace, and be his teacher?" asked Mrs. Daly.

"O, marm, I'm afraid you are making fun of me. I don't know nothing hardly, myself."

"But you know much more than Eustace. Can you read?"

"Yes, marm, I can read and write."

"I will pay your fare the remainder of the way to California, get you some better clothes, and if you are still good friends when you get there you shall live with me as long as you like."

John looked very sad and made no reply. "I am afraid," she continued, "you are not fond of Eustace. Don't you want to go with him? You shall live in a fine house, dress in nice clothes, ride in a carriage, go to school if you like, and have all you want to eat and drink."

Mrs. Daly spoke slowly, to give her an opportunity of studying John's face, that she might see which subject impressed him most favorably.

He still looked sad, coughed a little, and fixing his eyes on the mainmast in the saloon, timidly answered:

"I started for California to get some money for my brother and sisters to live on. If it wan't for them I should be awful glad to go with you. But I shouldn't feel as if I was doing right to have so many nice things, and they go hungry, perhaps."

Mrs. Daly, with her quick, womanly instinct, and motherly tenderness, appreciated John's motive, and immediately formed plans for his relief. "Go with us until we get to California, then if you prove to be as good a boy as I think you are, I will give you fifteen dollars a month to take care of Eustace, and that, I think, is better than you can do anywhere else without friends to assist you."

"I thank you, marm, ever so much. I would

rather do that than anything else in the world!"

A decent suit of clothes was procured from a passenger. John was taken to the barber's shop, his hair nicely cut, a bath given him, and in an hour not a person on board recognized the uncouth, untidy sailor boy. Even John himself was almost doubtful of his identity. He looked in the glass, and beheld a fine looking boy, with a full, white forehead, surmounted by nicely combed hair, and himself arrayed in a tidy suit of gray. He looked in amazement at his clean hands, his wrists encircled by a snow-white band, then at the linen shirt front and dainty blue tie at his throat.

"I wonder if this is me, anyhow! What would Tom and Jane and Maggie say to see me,—and wouldn't Aunt Ruth think I was somebody after all? If Peter Bennet farcs as well as I do I'll be awful glad."

Simple, uncultivated John, he has proved to us that there is something in the dress that makes the man.

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### PASSED ON.

At Rochelle, Ill., on the 29th of April, after a short illness, little Freddie Smith's spirit passed to the home of the angels.

His departure has left a vacant spot in the household to which it seems hard for those tender parents to be reconciled. But they are not without hope, for the glorious truths of the Spiritual Philosophy, long since found an echo in their hearts, assuring them that the several links of this life's chain will again be united in a life where no such scenes occur.

LIZZIE MOORE.

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THE ELEMENTS.—*Schoolmistress*: That's right, my dear; fire, air, earth—now what is the fourth? (*Juvenile scholar* pauses for a reply.) *Schoolmistress* (suggestively): What do you wash your face and hands in? *Juvenile Scholar* (by a sudden inspiration): Mother's 'tittle tub.

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—A small boy made application of his first instructions on the sanctity of the Sabbath by objecting to the apothecaries' shops, which he saw open on that day. "But," he was told, "the druggists must keep open on Sundays so that sick people can get medicine." "Why! do people get sick on Sunday?" "Yes, just as on any other day." "Well, good people don't die on Sunday, do they?" "Certainly." "How can that be? Does Heaven keep open on Sunday?"

It is needless to say that all further grave conversation on the subject was impossible.



For the Lyceum Banner.

## OUR LITTLE ONES.

## Baby Harry.

**L**ITTLE HARRY is four years old. He is short and fat, has blue eyes, red cheeks and white hair. He had been trotting round all day, feeding corn to the hens, holding silk for Aunt Jane to wind, pulling weeds for the pigs, and doing all sorts of chores for mamma. At last he thought he would go to the duck pond and feed the young ducks. So he went to the pantry and filled both pockets with bread, and started off alone, with bare head and bare feet. When he got to the pond there were no ducks in sight, so he sat down on the bank, and very soon fell asleep, as you see him.

Harry had not been gone very long from home when search was made for him. Every one ran round the house and barn, calling "Harry! Harry!" but no Harry answered. They looked in the well, and the wood box; under the bed, and the hen coop. At last brother Tom saw foot prints in the sand that they knew to be Harry's. They followed them carefully and they led straight to the little mischief, fast asleep on the bank of the pond. Tom woke him with a kiss, and carried him in his strong arms home to mother.

PERCY.

No LESS.—Cicero made the following remark: "As I approve of the youth that has something of the old man in him, so am I no less pleased with the old man who has something of the youth."

His LAST.—Ike's last trick was to throw Mrs Partington's old gaiter in the alley, and call the old lady down from the third floor to see an alley-gaiter.

## THE DOG AND CHILD.

**M**R. ELIHU BURRITT gives, in his book called "A Walk from London to Land's End and Back," a touching illustration of the affection of a dog in Truro:

"I was sitting at the breakfast table of a friend, who is a druggist, when he was called into the shop by a neighbor, who had come for medical advice and aid in a very remarkable

and affecting case.

He described it briefly and simply, but it would fill a volume of beautiful meaning. His family dog had incidentally made the acquaintance of a neighbor's child on the other side of the street.

While lying on the door-stone, he had noticed this little thing, sometimes at the chamber window, and sometimes on the pavement, in a little carriage.

During one of his walks on that side of the street, he met the baby, and looked over the rim of the basket carriage, as a loving dog can look, straight into a pair of baby eyes, and said, 'Good morning!' as well as he could.

Little by little, day by day, and week by week, this companionship went on, growing with the growth and strengthening with the strength of the little one. The dog, doubtless because his master had no child of his own, came at last to frequently transfer his watch and ward to the door-stone on the other side of the street, to fellow as a guard of honor the baby's carriage on its daily airings.

With what delight he gave himself up to all the pelting, and little rude romplings, and rough and tumblings of those baby hands. One day, as the dog lay in watch by the door-stone, the child, peeping out of the window above, lost its balance and fell upon the stone pavement below. It never breathed again. It was taken up quite dead! His heart died within him in one long moaning whine of grief. From that moment he refused to eat. He refused to be comforted by his master's voice and by his master's home. Day by day, and night by night, he lay upon the spot where the child fell.

This was the neighbor's errand. He had come to my friend, the druggist, for a prescription for his dog—something that would bring back his appetite."

## ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

## NOTHING TO DO.

I have shot my arrows, and spun my top,  
And banded my last new ball;  
I trundled my hoop till I had to stop,  
And I swung till I got a fall;  
I tumbled my books all out of the shelves,  
And hunted the pictures through,  
I've flung them where they may sort themselves,  
And now—I have nothing to do.

The tower of Babel I built of blocks,  
Came down with a crash to the floor;  
My train of cars ran over the rocks,  
I'll warrant they'll run no more—  
I have raced with Grip till I'm out of breath;  
My slate is broken in two,  
So I can't draw monkeys! I'm tired to death,  
Because I have nothing to do.

The boys have gone to the pond to fish,  
They bothered me, too, to go;  
But for fun like that I hadn't a wish,  
For I think it's mighty "slow"  
To sit all day at the end of a rod,  
For the sake of a minnow or two,  
Or to land, at the farthest, an eel on the sod—  
I'd rather have nothing to do!

Maria has gone to the woods for flowers—  
And Lucy and Nell are away  
After berries—I'm sure they've been out for hours,  
I wonder what makes them stay;  
Ned wanted to saddle Brunette for me,  
But riding is nothing new!  
"I was thinking you'd relish a canter," said he,  
"Because you had nothing to do."

I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son,  
For he seems so happy and gay,  
When his wood is chopped and his work all done,  
With his little half hour of play;  
He neither has books, nor top, nor ball,  
Yet he's singing the whole day through;  
But then he never is tired at all  
Because he has nothing to do.

**PASSIVE VERBS.**—A teacher, in trying to explain passive verbs to a class, said to one of the boys:

"Now, observe, if I say 'John is beaten,' what is John's relation to the verb?"

"John gets licked," answered the boy.

"No, no, you blockhead; what does John do?"

"I dunno, unless he hollers."

—"Patrick," said a priest to an Irishman, "how much hay did you steal?" "Well," he replied, "I may as well confess to your riverence for the whole stack, for my wife and I are going to take the rest of it on the first dark night."

## SILVER CHAIN RECITATION.

The harp at Nature's advent strung  
Has never ceased to play,  
The song the stars of morning sung  
Has never died away;  
And prayer is made, and praise is given  
By all things near and far;  
The ocean looketh up to heaven,  
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand  
As kneels the human knee;  
Their white locks bowing to the sand,  
The priesthood of the sea:  
They pour their glittering treasures forth,  
Their gifts of pearl they bring,  
And all the listening hills of earth  
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up  
From many a mountain shrine,  
From folded leaf and dewy cup  
She pours her sacred wine;  
The mists above the morning rills  
Rise white as wings of prayer;  
The altar curtains of the hills  
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,  
Or low with sobs of pain;  
The thunder organ of the clouds,  
The dropping tears of rain;  
With drooping head, and branches crossed,  
The twilight forest grieves,  
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost  
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,  
Its transept, earth and air;  
The music of its starry march,  
The chorus of its prayer;  
So Nature keeps the reverent frame  
With which her years began;  
And all her wondrous signs proclaim  
The brotherhood of man.

—Type-stickers should be careful to dip their fingers into the right boxes; and you, ye proof readers, should "bear a wary eye." Out West, an editor was sued for libel, in having published that a certain Mr. Harrison was a well-known house-breaker. The defense of the editor is that he wrote horse-breaker, which the plaintiff is by occupation.

—A little boy had his first pocket knife, and for several days used it himself, and extended the privilege of the occasional use of his treasure to his little playmates. One evening he was kneeling at his mother's knee, saying his customary prayer, which he closed in these words: "And please, God, give little Jimmy Bailey a knife of his own, so he won't want to borrow mine all the time."

## RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

## ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 15 letters.

- My 5, 14, 18, 16, 2, 3, 14, is a fish.  
 My 13, 4, 14, 4, 16, 1, is a botanical term.  
 My 10, 17, 7, 4, 19, is a ruler.  
 My 5, 12, 16, 11, 9, is an article of dress.  
 My 8, 2, 15, 4, 13, is a kind of sickness.  
 My 19, 8, 2, 14, is not clean.  
 My whole is a belief.

C. G. DYOTT.

I am composed of 16 letters.

- My 5, 15, 8, 16, 10, is a boy's name.  
 My 7, 12, 1, 2, 9, 13, we ought to love.  
 My 1, 16, 10, we should do.  
 My 3, 10, 9, is a precious member of our body.  
 My 4, 6, 1, 10, is where many people live.  
 My 11, 12, 16, 8, is raised by farmers.  
 My 14, 12, 13, 1, 2, is a point of compass.  
 My whole is the name of a paper.

M. J. D.

I am composed of 28 letters.

- My 6, 11, 16, 17, is what farmers do.  
 My 24, 19, 22, is a pronoun.  
 My 1, 7, 13, 17, 5, is a fish.  
 My 2, 25, 4, 21, 23, a boy's name.  
 My 26, 21, 15, 23, 8, we all should learn to do well.  
 My 14, 27, 18, 10, 9, is one of the elements.  
 My 20, 3, 12, 22, is what we all like.  
 My whole is an old but true saying.

R. J. PLACE.

## WORD PUZZLES.

- My first is in Mother, but not in Father.  
 My second is in Bird, but not in Beast.  
 My third is in Cars, but not in Engine.  
 My fourth is in Road, but not in Path.  
 My fifth is in Oats, but not in Wheat.  
 My sixth is in Seed, but not in Ground.  
 My seventh is in Cake, but not in Pie.  
 My eighth is in Book, but not in Paper.  
 My ninth is in Pa, but not in Ma.  
 My tenth is in Eat, but not in Drink.  
 My whole is something to instruct and amuse.

CORA E. TOLMAN.

- My first is in Dry, but not in Wet.  
 My second is in Cat, but not in Mouse.  
 My third is in Years, but not in Months.  
 My fourth is in Good, but not in Bad.  
 My fifth is in Worm, but not in Snake.  
 My sixth is in Owl, but not in Bat.  
 My seventh is in Dog, but not in Cat.  
 My eighth is in Short, but not in Long.  
 My whole is worn by the ladies.

AGNES DAVIES.

## ANSWERS IN NO. 17.

Word puzzle by M. H. C.—Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

Charley Bushnell—West Side Rink.

Charade by E. W. A.—Pop corn.

Charade by C. L. S.—Many mickles make a muckle.

Answered by Murdo Williams and Isabella Bacon.

DEAR EDITOR:—I would like to say a few words about your excellent paper, that some friend has been kind enough to pay for, for me. I am dreading to see the "red cross" put on which shall deprive me of the pleasure of reading it unless that person who is so kind as to send me this paper will renew the subscription. I have often wished we had a Lyceum here, for I don't go to Sabbath School. Your paper is getting better every day. I like all the writers very much. Mrs. Corbin has got the right story for me, and for everybody else if they know how to appreciate good stories. By the way, I thought I would send you a word puzzle. Here it is:

I am composed of 11 letters.

- My first is in mother, but not in father.  
 My second is in first, but not in last.  
 My third is in sixty, but not in fifty.  
 My fourth is in lyceum, but not in banner.  
 My fifth is in calf, but not in half.  
 My sixth is in cotton, but not in rotten.  
 My seventh is in more, but not in less.  
 My eighth is in orange, but not in lemon.  
 My ninth is in beet, but not in feet.  
 My tenth is in also, but not in eyes.  
 My eleventh is in nigh, but not in fly.

My whole pleases many readers.

EDDIE W. COFFIN.

ASHLAND, OHIO.

—Why are the clouds like coachmen? Because they hold the reins.

—A boy eight years old, in one of our public schools, having been told that a reptile "is an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one, promptly replied "a baby."

PRECOCIOUS.—A returned Australian found the baby he left at home a Miss of five summers. One day he offended her, and she fretfully exclaimed: "I wish you had never married into the family."

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

## Spiritual and Reform Books.

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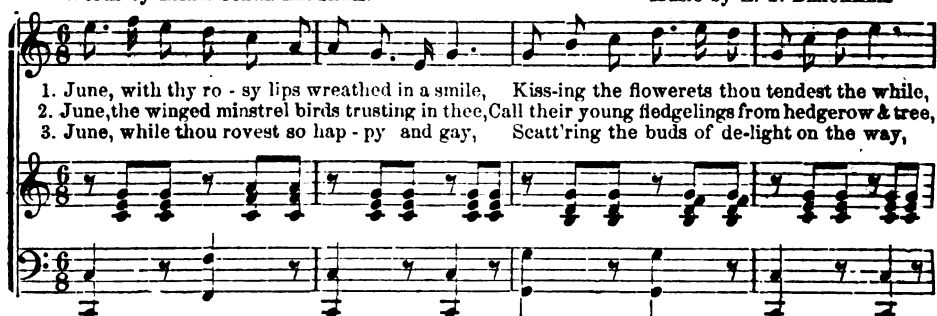
—Spence's Positive and Negative Powders for sale at this office. See advertisement on second page.

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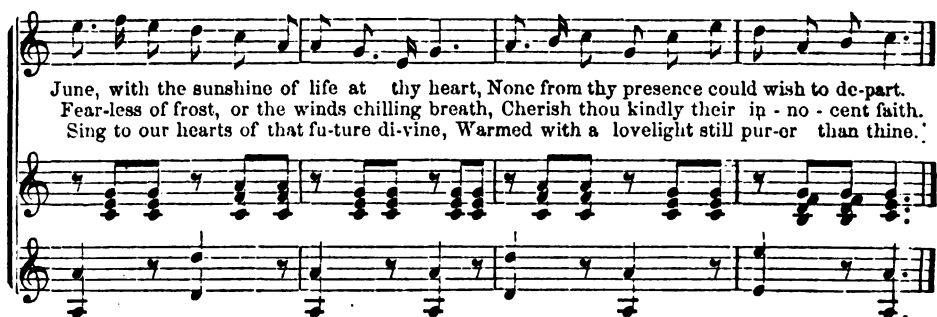
# BEAUTIFUL JUNE.

Words by EMMA SCARR LEDSHAM.

Music by E. T. BLACKMER.

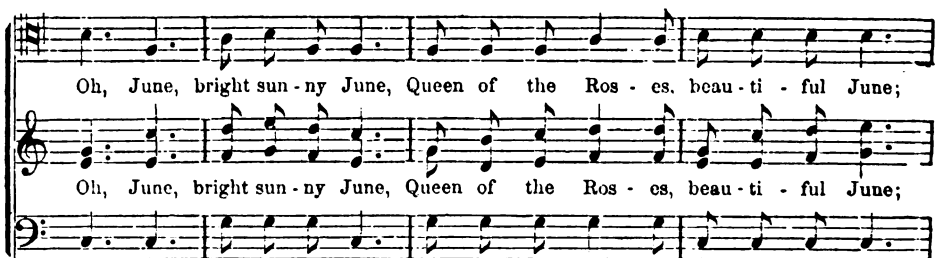


1. June, with thy ro - sy lips wreathed in a smile, Kiss-ing the flowerets thou tendest the while,  
 2. June, the winged minstrel birds trusting in thee, Call their young fledgelings from hedgerow & tree,  
 3. June, while thou rovest so hap - py and gay, Scatt'ring the buds of de-light on the way,



June, with the sunshine of life at thy heart, None from thy presence could wish to de-part.  
 Fear-less of frost, or the winds chilling breath, Cherish thou kindly their ip - no - cent faith.  
 Sing to our hearts of that fu-ture di-vine, Warmed with a lovelight still pur-or than thine.

## CHORUS.



Oh, June, bright sun - ny June, Queen of the Ros - es, beau - ti - ful June;  
 Oh, June, bright sun - ny June, Queen of the Ros - es, beau - ti - ful June;



Oh, June, bright sun - ny June, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful gold - en June.  
 Oh, June, bright sun - ny June, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful gold - en June.

Entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1900, by LOU. H. KIMBALL, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.